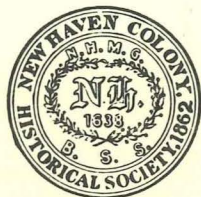


JOURNAL

of The New Haven Colony Historical Society



F
98
.N3
J68
v. 32
no. 2



THE NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

114 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut 06510

OFFICERS

Donald L. Perloth
President

Arthur G. Isack
Vice-President

Gilbert Kenna
Vice-President

Nancy O. Alderman
Vice-President

Charles C. Kingsley
Secretary

Louis Kempter
Treasurer

Richard K. Mazan
Assistant Secretary

William A. Wiedersheim
Assistant Treasurer

DIRECTORS

Mrs. Richard F. Ballard
Richard Buckley
Mrs. Ernest Cassella
Gerald S. Clark
Michael Coe

Milton K. Erway
Frederick W. Farnsworth
John Figurelli
Mrs. Samuel A. Galpin
Richard Hegel
Virginia M. Hepler

Mrs. Chester Kerr
Louis I. Kuslan
Carl Lindskog
John E. Loeb
John O. C. McCrillis
John D. Prete

Priscilla Searles
Francine Sears
Brooks Shepard, Jr.
Frank Winder
Rosanne Zudekoff

HONORARY DIRECTORS

Mrs. Stuart H. Clement
Mrs. John F. Fulton
Ralph H. Gabriel

Richard Hooker, Jr.
John D. Kernan
Hon. Herbert S. MacDonald
W. Ogden Ross

Dr. Howard W. Smith
Henry H. Townshend, Jr.
Raynham Townshend
Reverdy Whitlock

JOURNAL EDITOR

Lawrence Kenney

STAFF

David L. Parke, Jr.
Executive Director
Otilia Koel
Librarian and Curator of Manuscripts
Lysbeth Andrews-Zike
Public Service Librarian
Patricia J. Bromley
Archivist

Ruth B. Knowlton
Catalogue Librarian
Frank G. Duffy
Bookkeeper
Joan M. Parks
Administrative Assistant

Robert Egleston
Curator
Lucinda Burkepile
Curator of Photographs
Walter Moriarty, Jr.
Curator of Education
Patrick McManus
Custodian

GUARDS

David Blackmon
Melville Greeley

Richard Olsen
Frank Somma

Earl Malona

THE NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY was founded in 1862 by a representative group of New Haven citizens. As stated in the Constitution adopted by the Society, revised in 1965:

"The object of the Society shall be the collection, preservation and publication of historical and genealogical matter relating to the early settlement and subsequent history, especially of New Haven and its vicinity, and incidentally of other portions of the United States."

The museum and library of the Society are open to the public. There is a fee of \$2 to non-members for use of the library; the museum is open free of charge. In addition to the Whitney Avenue building, the Society owns the Pardee-Morris House at 325 Lighthouse Road, Morris Cove, New Haven. Built originally about the middle of the eighteenth century, it was burned during the British invasion in 1779. Rebuilt at once, it incorporates surviving portions of the older structure. The Pardee-Morris House is now restored and furnished appropriately and is open to the public during the summer months.

PUBLISHED BY THE NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ISSUED PERIODICALLY
THROUGH A BEQUEST OF GEORGE DUDLEY SEYMOUR

Membership in the Society carries with it a subscription to the JOURNAL.

Second Class Postage PAID at New Haven, Conn.

CONTENTS

Donald Grant Mitchell and His Edgewood Farm <i>Barbara J. Lamb</i>	page 3
In Respect to a New England Farmhouse <i>Gillett G. Griffin</i>	page 15
The Restoration of a Town House <i>Richard K. Mazan</i>	page 23

Cover: The main house fronting Forest Street (now Forest Road) in Westville (circa 1890). NHCHS Collection.

The New Haven Colony Historical Society assumes no responsibility for statements of contributors. Permission to abstract is granted if proper credit is given.

Copyright©1986



Donald Grant Mitchell
(1822 - 1908)
in his library at Edgewood.
NHCHS Collection

Donald Grant Mitchell and His Edgewood Farm

by Barbara J. Lamb

In June 1855, at the age of thirty-three, Donald Grant Mitchell returned to the United States with his wife of two years, Mary Pringle Mitchell, and their infant daughter. Having lived intermittently in various parts of Europe during the dozen years prior, serving both in the U.S. foreign service and as a correspondent for American newspapers, Mitchell was anxious to settle himself and his small family in a permanent location where they might enjoy some stability in their home life. Mrs. Mitchell took baby Hesse straightaway to her parents' home in South Carolina while her husband began his efforts to locate a suitable homestead in the New England countryside.

By the time of his return Donald Grant Mitchell had become a nationally renowned personality, popularly known by his pen name, Ik Marvel. His literary accomplishments included the well-known *Reveries of a Bachelor*, his most famous book to date, published in 1850, and its companion piece, *Dream Life*, which appeared in 1851. In addition, Mitchell had made numerous contributions to such leading periodicals of the day as *Harper's* and *Scribner's*.

Most of Mitchell's writings reflected his yearnings for quiet country places, winding roads, and comfortable gardens, a fondness he acquired during his early years on a farm in Norwich, Connecticut, and later, following his college days, nurtured by tending the family farm in Salem township, New London County. The years spent abroad only served to enhance his love of the country life, and his correspondence to friends back home spoke incessantly of his longing for a rural retreat of his own. Much of his time in Europe was spent wandering, sketchbook in hand, noting the homey yet delicate designs of rustic farmhouses with their picturesque porches and gables, chimneys, fences and gateways. The books and articles he wrote throughout his life clearly expressed this absorption with nature and Mitchell's need for his own country farm. His earlier works even described the home he hoped someday to have, detailing room layouts and

furnishings as well as the qualities desirable in the natural landscape surrounding it.

Now upon returning to his native New England, Mitchell could no longer contain his hunger for this home. He would be satisfied with nothing less than those vast open spaces, rolling slopes, and quiet woods sliced by clear streams, and the opportunity to cultivate the land. Mostly he longed for a place for his children to ramble and roam at will. But Mitchell's literary commitments necessitated occasional commutes to New York City, presenting additional, yet practical considerations for the location of his new home. With all these criteria at hand, he prepared an advertisement for placement in numerous newspapers within the New York City vicinity:

Wanted—A farm, of not less than 100 acres, and within three hours of the city. It must have a running stream, a southern or eastern slope, not less than 20 acres in wood, and a water view.¹

He received countless responses, and one by one examined and excluded each possibility. Among his many serious considerations were places in Fairfield, Norwich, Staten Island, Tarrytown, and White Plains. But not until his visit to New Haven, to which he was drawn in part by fond recollections of his college days at Yale, did his search end. It was, in fact, only a chance encounter with an old friend, Colin Ingersoll, congressman from the New Haven district, the day before Mitchell's planned departure, that led to his discovery of his dream farm. Following a discussion of Mitchell's quest, Ingersoll persuaded his friend to linger an additional day to view a piece of property that he thought suited Mitchell's desires.

The following day the two journeyed to the outskirts of town to survey the site. Returning to his hotel room that afternoon, an elated Mitchell wrote his wife the news of his discovery of "a very fine farm of 200 acres overlooking all New Haven and its valley, with good old-fashioned house, tenant house, orcharding, etc., thirty to forty acres of woodland. Price asked, \$16,000. It is the best and cheapest for its goodness I have yet seen. It is distant two miles from New Haven, and New Haven is, you know, four hours from New York. I wish you could see it!"²

Some years later Mitchell recounted in his book *My Farm at Edgewood* the tale of that introductory visit and his first impressions of the farm:

It seems but yesterday that I drove from among the tasteful houses of the town, which since my boy times had crept far out upon the margin of the plain. I know I remember the stately broad road we took, and its smooth, firm macadam. I remember turning slightly, perhaps to the right, and threading the ways of a neat little manufacturing village—catching views of waterfalls, of tall chimneys, of open pasture grounds; and remember bridges, and other bridges, and how the village straggled on with its neat white

palings, and white houses, with honeysuckles at the doors; and how we skirted a pond where the pads of lilies lay all idly afloat; and how a great hulk of rock loomed up suddenly near a thousand feet, with dwarfed cedars and oaks tufting its crevices—tufting its top, and how we drove almost beneath it, and how we ascended again, drifting through another limb of the village, where the little churches stood; and how we sped on past neat white houses—rising gently—skirted by hedgerows of tangled cedars, and presently stopped before a grayish-white farmhouse, where the air was all aflow with the perfume of great purple spikes of lilacs. And thence, though we had risen so little I had scarce noticed a hill, we saw all the spires of the city we had left, two miles away as a bird flies, and they seemed to stand cushioned on a broad bower of leaves; and to the right of them, where they straggled and faded, there came to the eye a white burst of water which was an arm of the sea; beyond the harbor and town was a purple hazy range of hills—in the foreground a little declivity, and then a wide plateau of level land, green and lusty, with all the wealth of June sunshine.

I have a recollection of making my way through the hedging lilacs, and ringing with nervous haste at the door-bell; and as I turned, the view from the step seemed to be even wider and more enchanting than from the carriage. I have a fancy that a middle-aged man, with iron-gray whiskers, answered my summons in his shirt sleeves, and proposed joining me directly under some trees which stood a little way to the north. I recollect dimly a little country coquetry of his, about unwillingness to sell, or to name a price; and yet how he kindly pointed out to me the farmlands, which lay below upon the flat, and the valley where his cows were feeding just southwards, and how the hills rolled up grandly westward, and were hemmed in to the north by a heavy belt of timber.

It seems to me that the ride to town must have been very short, and my dinner a hasty one: I know I have a clear recollection of wandering over those hills, and that plateau of farm-land, afoot, that very afternoon. I remember tramping through the wood, and testing the turf. . . . I can recall distinctly the aspect of house and hills, and they came into view on my second drive from town; how a great stretch of forest, which lay in common, flanked the whole, so that the farm could be best and most intelligently described as—lying on the edge of the wood. And it seemed to me, that if it should be mine, it should wear the name of—Edgewood.

In the disposition of the landscape, and in the breadth of the land, there was all, and more than, I had desired. There was an eastern slope where the orchard lay, which took the first burst of the morning, and the first warmth of spring; there was another valley slope southward from the door, which took the warmth of the morning, and which keeps the sun till night. There was a wood, in which now the little ones gather anemones in spring, and

in autumn, heaping baskets of nuts. There was a strip of sea in sight, on which I can trace the white sails as they come and go, without leaving my library chair; and each night I see the flame of a lighthouse kindled, and its reflection dimpled on the water. If the brook is out of sight, beyond the hills, it has its representative in the fountain that is gurgling and splashing at my door.³

Edgewood was a working farm when Mitchell purchased it in 1855, and it was his intention to continue its functional operation. But the need for order in his life extended to his farm as well. Donald Grant Mitchell was a farmer, but a gentleman farmer, and the layout and grounds of his homestead were to reflect that gentle, refined difference. Shortly after Mitchell acquired the farm, the areas immediately surrounding the main house were revised according to some preconceived plan he had been mentally developing for years. He turned his initial attention to arranging the pasture and garden lands by planting trees and hedges, building gateways, and laying up stone walls. While he did not tarry in his desire to improve his farm, neither did he rush. He wrote, "It is a mistake, therefore, I think, to aim at the completion of a country home in a season, or in two, or some half a dozen. Its attractiveness lies, or should lie, in its prospective growth of charms."⁴

Within a dozen years, however, Mitchell's discriminating good taste had transformed the rough, uneven terrain into an area of seemingly natural beauty unequaled in New Haven. Mitchell subscribed to a "gospel of beauty," convinced that neglected land resulted from selfish greed and an absence of grace on the part of its owners. His travels in Europe had shown him that Americans had much to learn about refining their civilization. It took little, he felt, to inspire the natural landscape with charm and beauty, and Edgewood was intended to serve as an example of his conviction. The one effect he urgently sought to achieve was a natural, harmonious blending of man and nature. Even his elegant gardens reflected a realism, a sense that they had evolved artlessly and effortlessly rather than from hours of meticulous planning. Mitchell utilized natural materials wherever and whenever possible to alleviate any harsh evidence of man's imposition upon the landscape, meanwhile evoking a sense of tranquility and serenity in the subtle elegance of his homestead. This aspect appears over and over again through his use of stone and barked limbs in the building of roadways and bridges, fences, gates and pathways, and even his buildings. Every humanly inflicted intrusion upon his scenery was negated to the best of his abilities.

Mitchell eventually increased the farm's original 200 acres to 360. The lower portion of the property, lying east of the main public highway—Forest Street at that time—was the functional farming area, and it yielded farm crops as well as those from the orchards. This area was worked by a tenant farmer employed by the Mitchells, who resided in the farm buildings on the eastern lands.

Over the years Mitchell developed many private paths and roadways about his property. The most important of these, Edgewood Road, ran along the edge

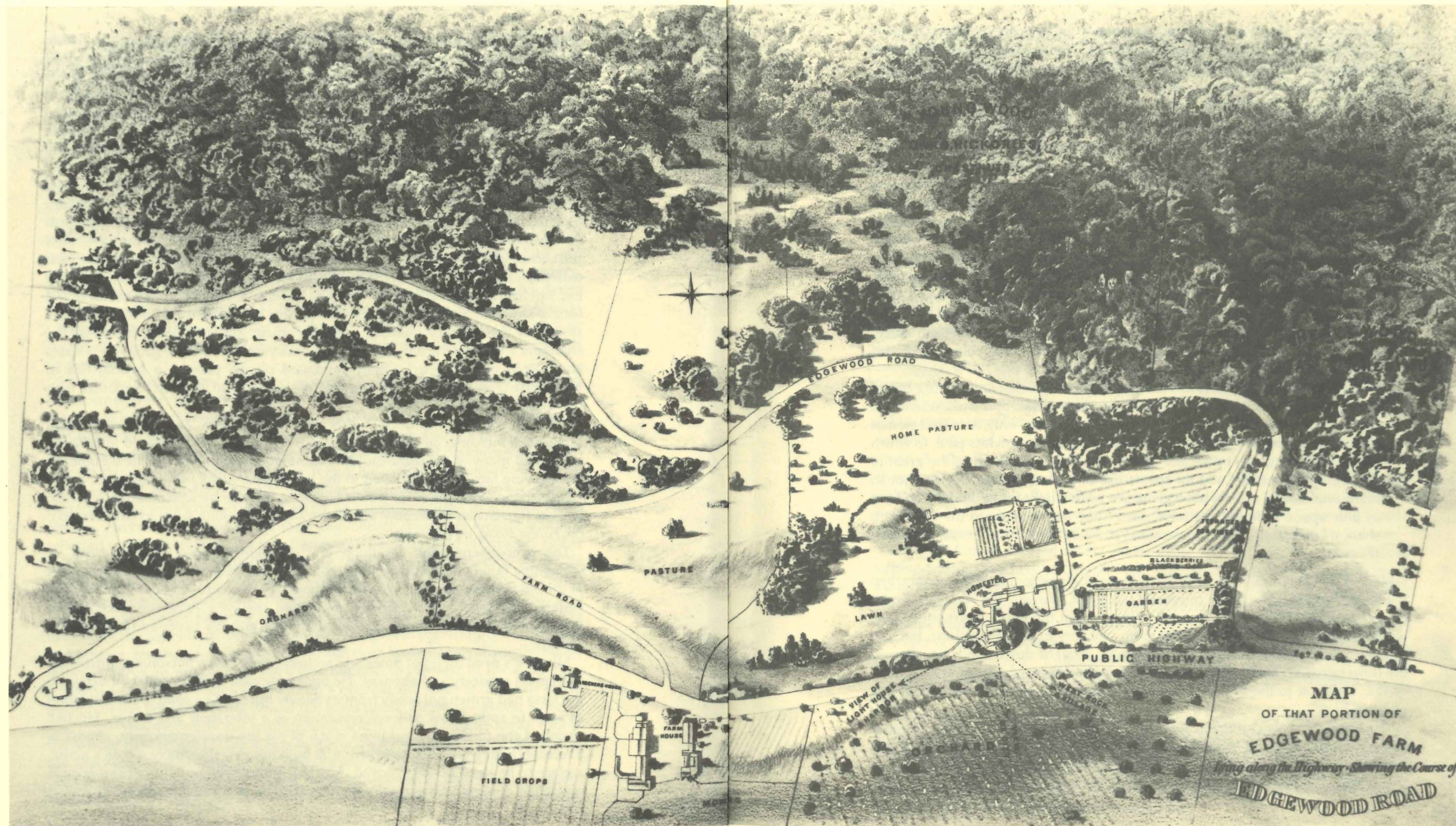
of the woods on a knoll overlooking the entire Edgewood estate. These passageways, although privately built and maintained, were open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week during the earlier years of his ownership so that others might enjoy the results of Mitchell's meticulous labors. The author sincerely hoped that the neatness and order of his farm might influence the surrounding community; he believed wholeheartedly that "good example will do very much in the way of reform—more in most instances than any zeal of impeachment."⁵

The original tenant farmhouse did not survive the early years of Mitchell's ownership, falling prey to a raging country fire. In constructing a new building, Mitchell was anxious to employ the "humblest of materials at hand,"⁶ by which he meant stones collected from the surrounding fields. The builders tried unsuccessfully to discourage him, citing the difficulty of working with irregular materials, insisting that many stones were too round, many too small, some too big; but Mitchell was adamant. While he did finally concede to the use of bricks for the structure's corners and window jambs, he still insisted on the use of the stones as the primary building material, uncut and unhammered. Even the chimneys were constructed of alternating bricks and stones. The gables, of a board and batten design, used wholly unplanned planks painted a neutral tint to harmonize with the stone, and the battens were painted white to harmonize with the mortar of the walls below.

Mitchell was quite proud of this architectural feat, and when the main homestead building, situated directly on Forest Street, was replaced in 1872, he integrated many of the same building techniques into the larger, new home for his growing family. Constructed in the immediate vicinity of the original frame house on the west side of the public highway, the later version still stands today, as does the smaller farmhouse across the street (although substantially altered), on Forest Road in Westville.

The ever-deteriorating condition of the original house, coupled with an expanding family now numbering eight children, necessitated the displacement of the old homestead. Mitchell had conceived the new structure in his mind years earlier, and when it was finally completed the new Edgewood homestead represented his deep-rooted love for home life and his never-ending need for solitude.

Mitchell's need for quiet times and seclusion reflected a personality possessed with great modesty and shyness. He once indicated that his initial attraction to the farm had grown not solely from its beauty but from its comparative isolation as well. In spite of his national reputation as a litterateur and orator, Mitchell shunned the public eye and lived much of his life unostentatiously, almost as a recluse. Edgewood, he remarked, was built not as a showpiece but as a home, a place to be lived in and enjoyed. Mitchell entertained only his closest friends and often, if a graceful refusal were possible, he declined invitations to appear



Map of Edgewood Farm following Donald Grant Mitchell's extensive renovations (circa 1869).
NHCHS Collection

or speak at public functions. This is not to suggest that he spent his life in complete isolation; the father of eleven children, Mitchell found that his household was often the center of much social activity. But the author's unassuming reserve kept him in the background of many activities.

The library of the Mitchell home was the author's favorite refuge, and throughout his life it remained much as he described it in 1876:

The walls are finished roughly with ordinary mortar floated off and colored a dark red. The cornice is of pine, with a beading of black walnut, extending around the book-shelves as well as upon portions of the wall. For economy of space, the book-shelves reach to ceiling, and are also established in either blank of chimney-breast which extends into room. I find these last specially convenient, and their position has enabled me to give greater apparent breadth to chimney and greater actual breadth to mantel-piece.

The floor has a border of yellow pine and black walnut, mitred at angles, almost two feet wide. The enclosed space, floored with ordinary white pine, is covered with English Brussels carpet of a simple geometric pattern, quite small, the colors being mainly brown or fawn-color with bits of black, white, or yellow. The carpet has a border of same predominating color, and broad band of green. An old Turkey rug is before the fire-place.

The library of 2,500 to 3,000 volumes, is quite miscellaneous, being fullest in mediaeval history, encyclopaedias and dictionaries, and work relating to art and agriculture. The ceiling is of bald gray mortar, only because I cannot afford to decorate it. The wood-work is almost entirely of white pine, to which effect has been given by variety of stain (in no case obscuring the grain of wood), by bits of tile, and by sparse use of paperhanging. If I had not so many windows, I should have given the walls a lighter tint; and if I had not so little space, I should not have carried the bookshelves to the ceiling; in short, if I could have spent more money, I would have made a more noticeable room.⁷

Mitchell was very much aware of the geographical positioning of this room when the house was built. The house purposely faced east, allowing the library a western exposure so that it would be flooded with sunlight the entire afternoon. Large windows intentionally dominated the room, not only to gather sunshine, but also to allow for a panoramic view of Edgewood. Straight down the lawn showed the flower gardens and hedged lawns against a backdrop of city spires by a sliver of sea, while off to the left clustered village rooftops under the rising red cliffs of West Rock.

The library was also arranged so as to look out on Edgewood's main entrance and front walk, allowing Mitchell to glimpse approaching visitors before they had a chance to ring the bell. In addition to the library's entry off the main hall of the house, the room had been fitted with an inconspicuous side exit to the

outdoors which opened onto a pathway leading up the hill into the woods at the rear of the house. When family members heard the quiet closing of that door they often knew it signaled that the front bell was about to ring, announcing the arrival of some unwanted visitor.

The intimate association of the Edgewood estate with the famed Ik Marvel was a fact well recognized by his dearest friends and innominate readers alike. Few were aware, however, that for many years the beloved Edgewood kept Mitchell continuously on the edge of financial uncertainty, practically from the time of its purchase. During the early years, the farm's productive output was not excessive, even after the procurement of the additional 160 acres. Until 1861 Mitchell was so absorbed with the creation of his idyllic wonderland that he overspent and found himself deep in debt. His original intent for enlarging the farm grew from a desire to expand output and thus return; but the expense of those additional lands, combined with his initial investment, was not so easily afforded. In fact, at one point, Mrs. Mitchell was forced to sell a number of the family diamonds from her dowry in order to assure some of her husband's investments. As adverse as he was to public lecturing, Mitchell's desperate need for cash following his purchase of the farm caused him to spend many of his winter months on extended tours of the country, speaking on such subjects as history, literature, art, and agriculture. The outbreak of the Civil War cut short his touring just as the costs of developing and maintaining the farm were skyrocketing.

Even with the publication of two of his best-known works, *My Farm at Edgewood* in 1860, followed by *Wet Days at Edgewood* in 1864, financial security was not attained. The books did much to endear the writer and his private retreat to thousands of Americans, but did little to insure Mitchell's continued ownership of his cherished farm. By 1867 he recognized that a new house would soon be needed to replace the outdated structure that sheltered his ever-growing family, but times grew worse instead of better, and construction had to be delayed.

In 1867 Mitchell entered into a partnership with William H. Grant, former superintending engineer of Central Park, to serve as independent advisors in the art of landscape gardening to private institutions and individuals and to public entities. But this fledgling business provided little encouragement that he might continue to afford the farm. With the close of the Civil War, New Haven entered a building boom, however, and parts of Edgewood were offered for sale. Unfortunately, the town's growth was bent in another direction, and no interest was shown toward expansion to the west side of the city where Mitchell's lands lay.

When asked in 1868 to assume editorship of *Hearth and Home*, a rural farm journal published by two of his close associates, Mitchell jumped at the opportunity. The position as editor paid \$5,000 a year and finally provided him some relief from his monetary worries. But a tiring commute to New York City three days each week, combined with the taxing demands of the post, necessitated the dissolution of his partnership with Grant.



The tenant farmhouse, constructed under Mitchell's direction, shortly after his acquisition of the farm. NHCHS Collection

Mitchell was still convinced that real estate values would be rising soon in his part of New Haven. Notwithstanding the sale of *Hearth and Home* in 1870 and Mitchell's subsequent removal as editor, he decided the time was right to invest in a new home. His predicament seemed to improve, helped in part by the continued landscape consulting work he did on his own and by a farm pushed to its productive capacity. The house was completed in 1872 at a cost exceeding \$20,000. Mitchell now found himself more than \$50,000 in debt when the worst financial depression of the century rocked the country.

By 1876 conditions had worsened to the point that Edgewood was offered for sale in its entirety. There was still no interest. Close friends offered assistance, but Mitchell's pride would not allow him to accept it. He struggled to get by on his own, resorting to more writing, editing, consulting, and farming. Gradually the situation improved and in time the children each matured, leaving home and lessening his financial burden while simultaneously sending home whatever support they could to save the treasured home. Unfortunately, it was very late in life before Mitchell could finally experience the enjoyment of living at Edgewood with a mind clear from worry.

The celebrated author eventually became nationally recognized for his

accomplishments as an agriculturist and landscape gardener, and his advice was sought from such places as Princeton and Lafayette Colleges and the city of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. In addition, he constructed elaborate plans for his home city of New Haven on the development of its park system and served as an advisor for many years to the Parks Commission. Meanwhile his ties with the Yale community strengthened: he was appointed a member of the advisory council of the new Yale Art School and later became a lecturer in English literature. In 1878 the university awarded him an honorary LL.D.

Donald Grant Mitchell resided at his Edgewood estate for fifty-three years and died there in 1908 at the age of eighty-six.

BARBARA J. LAMB, a recent graduate of the London School of Economics, is an urban planner by profession and a historian by avocation.

NOTES

1. Dunn, p. 273.
2. Dunn, p. 274.
3. Mitchell, *My Farm at Edgewood*, pp. 37-45.
4. Dunn, p. 284.
5. Mitchell, *Out-of-Town Places*, p. 102.
6. Mitchell, *Pictures of Edgewood*, p. 42.
7. Dunn, pp. 347-48.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Dunn, Waldo H. *The Life of Donald G. Mitchell; Ik Marvel*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.
- Hornstein, Harold. "Donald G. Mitchell—Writer and Park Designer," *New Haven Register*, Sunday, April 15, 1979.
- "Ik Marvel," *The Outlook*, New York: May 3, 1902, vol. 71, no. 1.
- Kimball, Arthur Reed. "The Master of Edgewood (Donald G. Mitchell)," *Scribner's Magazine*, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, February 1900, vol. 27, no. 2, pp. 184-93.
- Malone, Dumas, editor. "Donald Grant Mitchell, 1822-1908," *Dictionary of American Biographies*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, vol. 13-14, 1934.
- Mitchell, Donald Grant. *My Farm at Edgewood: A Country Book*. New York: Charles Scribner, 1863.
- _____. *Pictures of Edgewood in a Series of Photographs*. New York: Charles Scribner and Company, 1869.
- _____. *Out-Of-Town Places*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.
- "Sixty Years an Author," *Putnam's Monthly*. New York: February 1908, pp. 623-24.



A New England Farmhouse

In Respect to a New England Farmhouse

by Gillett G. Griffin

One has treasured dreams of finding an old house in the country that has never been touched. Each lover of the past feels that he could redo such a place and yearns for the chance. The "restoration" of old houses continues at a growing pace. For most people the eighteenth century is the great period—appealing for its lasting simplicity, grace, purity, and enduring beauty. It was a time when everyone in New England seemed to know the feel of wood and to use it expressively in every aspect of living. For the nineteenth century one needs a very different point of view, for here is found the excitement of machinery and continual technical improvement and change. Beauty was manufactured by the yard in rich (if sometimes frozen) ornament. The discoveries and improvements in lighting fixtures, for instance, from the betty lamp to the Aladdin lamp (which actually was a product of this century), are nothing short of incredible, especially when one realizes that kerosene came into use with the advent of Drake's well—the first oil well in this country—at the outset of the Civil War.

There are two sorts of restorations: the house to be restored as a museum and the house to be restored as a home. The museum restoration tends to fix the house at a specific moment in time—often selecting furniture manufactured in a specific decade for certain rooms, regardless of the fact that no room would have originally had all new furniture. The restoration of an old house for modern dwelling necessitates making concessions to modern amenities such as plumbing, heating, electricity, and a convenient contemporary kitchen. These are sometimes carefully concealed from public view, sometimes hidden, or in other cases are the biggest boast of the home. They are, however, necessary.

As to attempting to recapture the appearance of a house built in 1735 or 1850 with furniture of the place and period, few people seem to grasp the simple truth that, especially in thrift-conscious New England, homes just simply grew as family means flowered. People inherited and acquired from the simple to the elegant—

and this usually over a period of time. To realize the truth of this statement one simply has to have known one of those grand old New England families in their home surroundings. These homes were a hodgepodge. And this is a factor that has not been dealt with in restoration.

There still exist on Beacon Hill and in certain places throughout New England a few fast-disappearing vestiges of that curiously original phenomenon—the old New England family. The type of family, I mean, which maintains a fancy cold parlor where the eggs are kept. There is a spirit or quality about these families which defies description or analysis. We are, for the most part, a very different brand of people from our forebears. This sort of New England family can often trace its members back well into the seventeenth century, and they frequently have lived in the same house for several hundred years. The people themselves have sometimes approached eccentricity. Plain living mixed with liberal doses of culture seems to have been their recipe for living. Their houses are repositories and documents of the families and have their peculiar stamps, the accumulated furniture, knicknacks, and articles making for a certain clutter and charm. The inherited house is the product of the way it grew without benefit of decorator or professional. These homes can be musty hodgepodes with coverings inevitably faded and worn—sometimes verging on the shabby. But all of this somehow reflects the family's brilliance and eccentricity. It is the sort of atmosphere that can never be reconstructed. In the case of houses or rooms of a great or celebrated personage frozen at the time of his death as a memorial, we can sense this aura. But that kind of memorial is in itself quite dead. All of the objects and furniture, valuable or worthless, are fascinating primarily because they reflect personal experiences familiar only to the family. The end of each dynasty sadly witnesses the auction block, and the homestead is generally renovated by people of a different ken. This intangible richness is slipping away from us, for even when a dynasty persists with new blood, its new members tend, nowadays, to reject that unfashionable aspect of the past because much of it reflects the musty generation of a half-century or more ago.

Over thirty years ago a favorite former teacher of mine led me up an abandoned piece of country road—one of those ancient tracks that often lead to hill pastures in New England. Near its sudden end, just off of the road, stood an abandoned house, forlornly choked by wild grasses and an encroaching tangle of lilac and sumac. There were no electrical lines. The farmhouse, seemingly never painted and weathered now nearly to black—the clapboards thin and curled, bedraggled shutters at rakish angles, and panes of glass missing from the ancient windows—seemed a place where time had stood still. I was enchanted: it was a dream. Nor was this a first impression. Glimpses through the cracking window shades were tantalizing. The house was similar in spirit to those bleak houses painted by Andrew Wyeth.

My teacher earnestly insisted that I think of renting or buying the house to save it. He was convinced that I would respect and not violate its spirit. But it was unthinkable. I had no money, no car, a new job with minimum salary but involving maximum time, nearly three hundred miles away. It was impossible, and yet the place haunted me.

It was owned, I was told, by an ex-schoolteacher, nearing her eighties, who had no plans to part with it. My teacher, who loved the place as it was, was worried that sooner or later the owner would not be able to get up to it, or that she might die. He was worried that if someone bought it they would either bulldoze it as unsafe (someone was eager to do this to use the foundations to build a dude ranch), or spruce it up into just another piece of suburbia, with all of the improvements and requisites of contemporary cuteness. A local real estate dealer had actually spoken of making the place into a museum and charging admission, for the place had a reputation in that part of the world.

On my very next visit to that area I brought with me two friends from college and promptly dragged them up to the abandoned house. They too were enchanted. My teacher, insisting again that I rent or buy the place to save it, then suggested that the three of us take it on in a partnership. Their reaction was immediate—the place had to be saved! If we could ever get it we declared that we would never compromise the integrity of the place by putting in plumbing or electricity—we would preserve the spirit that was there. But my friends had less money than I. It was an impossible dream. Yet two years later it became possible to rent the place, and the three of us dove enthusiastically into salvage operations.

The old house bears the rich aroma of nearly two hundred years of woodsmoke, spiced with kerosene and assorted back country smells. Everything about the place is typically nineteenth century. We have learned how to use lamps, build fires, and use the old cooking gadgets. All of the things work functionally and are used to make life easy and pleasant.

But life was not so easy for us at first. We ventured up to stay at our rented old house for the first time on the weekend of January 9, 1954. We plodded uphill through deep snow with our provisions sliding around on a boy's sled. The lock on the door was frozen; we thawed it out by lighting matches under the lock. The house had been all but abandoned for over fifteen years. Panes of glass were missing, window mullions were rotten, and the glass that did remain rattled, held loosely by dry, shrunken putty and in some cases by the glazier's nails only, while rugs seemed to lift off of the floor with every sharp gust of wind. Dead leaves, dead birds, and dead squirrels littered the place. Our landlady, apparently wanting time to stand still, had left bouquets of dead wildflowers in vases everywhere. The place was as chill as a deep freeze, with frost crystals lacing the windowpanes and even the floors. The thermometer registered 14° below zero in the kitchen in the morning. Have you ever tried to crack a frozen egg? We discovered the



meaning of primitive. The outhouse was lost in the snow. So was the well. We found that a deep fireplace in a central chimney sent the heat upward but not outward. A three-foot-deep snowdrift swept across our keeping room from its rotten back door to the large kitchen fireplace. After a weekend of roaring fires in the fireplace the snowdrift was still there. Our wood cooking range (a Modern Glenwood Home Grand) was sooty, rusty, warped, and draughty. When we located it we found that its firebox was stuffed with stones, tin cans, glass, and garbage. Our landlady must have thought that putting them there would make them go away. But even after cleaning out the firebox we made the discovery that we knew surprisingly little about firemaking.

The house had an eerie, haunted quality. Our landlady was an incarnation of Miss Haversham. Rotten food, canned goods from the 1940s and earlier, littered the shelves. Useless rusty kitchenware, tubs, and crocks of rotten butternuts and dead mice were everywhere. The cellar and attic were reminiscent of the Collier brothers' house. One corner of the cellar had a cascade of rotten shingles which reached to the ceiling beams. Turn-of-the-century automobile tires and cushions, crates, moldy, dry-rotted furniture, and rusty iron were literally piled to the rafters. We even found the mummified remains of a dog (named, we later found out, Roger) in a trunk in the cellar.

It took years of the most unpleasant sort of cleaning and more years of hard structural work to make sure that the house would be sound. During this time the house remained in a depressing state of uproar. We salvaged most things but had to burn or dump a number of things which were beyond repair. Every

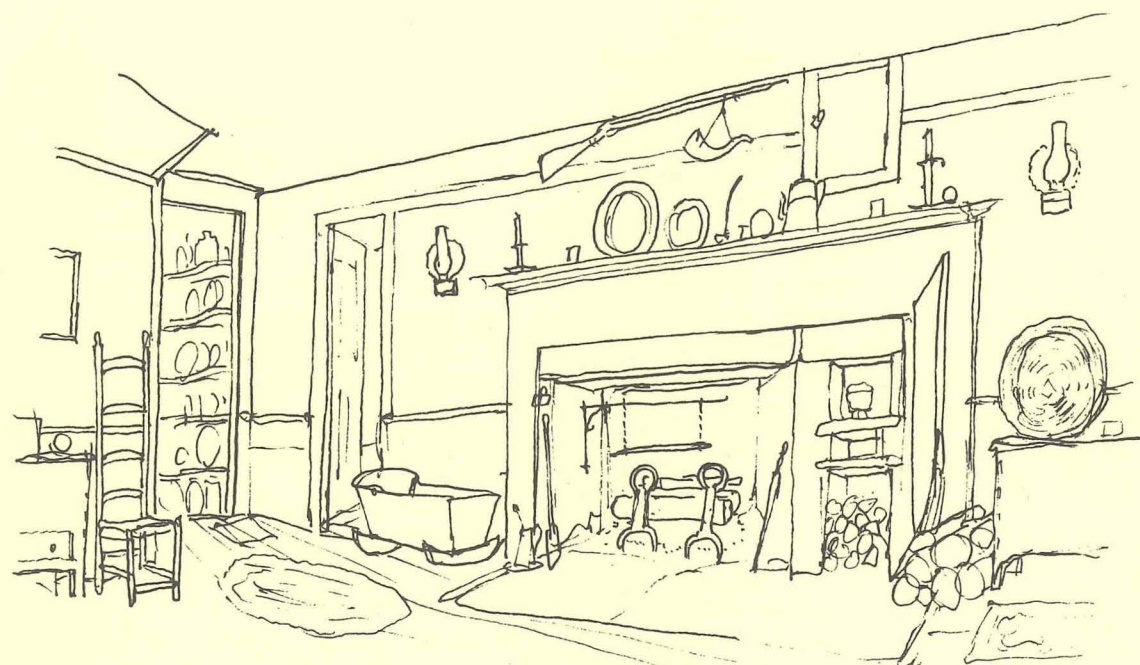
scrap of iron, every nail, every pin, every button was sorted and carefully stored. We found it necessary to build a two-story shed in which to store the myriad things which were cluttering the house, such as old tinware, bottles, extra furniture, and shutters.

One June day soon after we had moved in history reappeared to us in a miraculous way when a Model A Ford coupé chugged to a stop at the foot of our lane. Surprised at the intrusion, I went out to see who could have braved the road. One of the two old men in the car proved to be Arthur Byron Barber—the last of the family to be born in the house—born in 1890. The family had abandoned the place in 1894. In 1912, we learned, a tenant farmer had attempted to make a go of the place but was forced to retreat, discouraged. Again in 1916 an old couple had arrived in a wagon pulled by a large, white mule and had squatted in the abandoned house, selling roots and herbs to neighbors. They were respected, as locals said, because they “minded their own business.” They remained some months until a sheriff came for the man, who, it turned out, was an escaped prisoner.

We invited Arthur Byron Barber to be an honored guest over the 4th of July weekend. He was deeply moved that the house was being treasured and respected, and as we left to take him to the bus he insisted on showing me the cemetery where his ancestors had been buried. There on the top of the hill, at the highest point, next to his wife, who had died in 1836, was the tombstone of Robert Barber—murdered on the Erie Canal in 1837. We had heard the legend that the man who had built our house had been murdered, and here was his name and his grave! One of my partners went to the courthouse at Sullivan, New York, and discovered that the murder had been the most sensational crime in western New York State in the nineteenth century. Robert Barber—described as a joiner, portly, much beloved—had been murdered for his money by a youth named Lewis Wilbur while on his way to Buffalo to get remarried.

In the saving of the house—for it was perilously close to collapse—we balanced one another with our respective talents, abilities, and interests. One of us turned out to be an engineer, who saved the roof from parting with the plate under a deep load of snow one winter; later he tied and braced the place together. Another had the patience and persistence to reputty, paint, and repair more than twenty twelve-on-twelve pane windows and remake and mend shutters for all of those windows. The third knew just what we had in the house—what was old, what was new, what was good, what was worthless. All of us knew that we had inherited a special piece of the nineteenth century and must not impose too much of ourselves or our century upon it. Individually one of us might have had the place as sound as a battleship but looking like a camp; another might have preserved the surface charm while letting the place settle into its cellar hole. The third acted as a balance. The result, we feel, is a remarkable place.

Since we were renting courtesy of our landlady's good grace we trod carefully.



The Keeping Room

It was years before we opened drawers or moved things to any extent. After we became convinced that she was too old to return to the house for more than short visits, we finally, with her encouragement, rearranged things more to our satisfaction. But meanwhile we had the benefit of living in the house as she had left it. And most things stayed where she had placed them. This was an advantage, for our landlady had extraordinary perception and taste. It was never the case that the quality of the pieces in our place was fine but rather that the whole place went together as it should. Many of the pieces are rough. Most of them are back country—many are broken and patched. But the place looks as though it had developed naturally. She had created a sensitive and charming home out of a wreck. And we inherited a living, working piece of the nineteenth century.

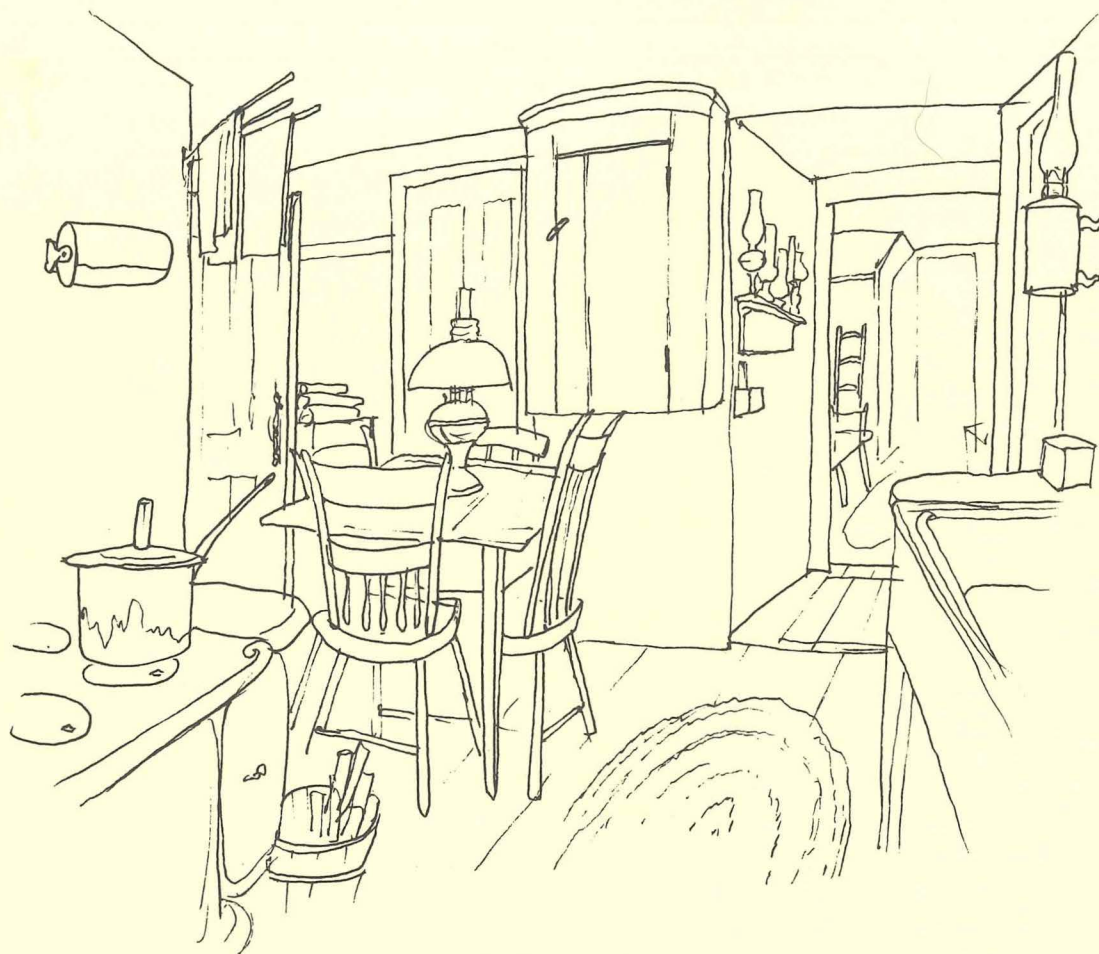
We never could have created the same atmosphere in the house had we started from scratch. We have, indeed, added much of our own. But her spirit in the house still gives us our direction in collecting for it. Since we found things in the house covering all periods for the last three hundred years, we have added things that make sense in a farmhouse that uses wood for heat and cooking, and kerosene and candles for light. We have had fun buying. We have discovered the thrill of making life afresh each morning with the wood stove and water drawn from the well. The kitchen is extraordinarily convenient: easy to manage, functional, and simple—a pleasant place to cook and eat informal meals. One of my partners spent his honeymoon there with a young wife who was just beginning to cook. She had dreaded that kitchen. But returning from the honeymoon to a more modern kitchen in New Haven, she found it less convenient and rearranged it on the lines of our nineteenth-century one.

For each one of us the house in the country has become our most real home. We all live, of course, a twentieth-century push-button life, complete with gadgets. Our time at our nineteenth-century house allows us to relish and wonder at modern conveniences even more.

The three of us have been partners for over thirty years and we still remain good friends. The wives of two of us have grown to love the place. From grudging early visits entailing endless chores and what always seemed to be an uphill struggle, it evolved for them into a place which eventually embodied peace and serenity. They have come to love and treasure their time there.

Six children have used the cradle, high chair, and potty we found in the house and have grown up to be comfortable with kerosene, wood fires, and the outhouse. They know how to make life anew each day—how to put a hot soapstone wrapped with flannel into an icy bed in midwinter, how to snowshoe in nearly a mile with necessary food, dig out the well, and make the place cozy. Their world balances television and push-button technology with essential life, the way our ancestors knew it, and they are grateful for both worlds.

Our house has provided a haven where time is timeless, where we can fulfill



The Summer Kitchen

our fantasies and can be enriched by all of the good aspects of the past, knowing that we can appreciate and enjoy the present even more through knowing "the simple life."

GILLET G. GRIFFIN is Curator of Pre-Columbian Art at The Art Museum, Princeton University, and a Lecturer in the Department of Art and Archaeology.

The Restoration of a Town House

by Richard K. Mazan

Peeling paint, rotted columns, square yards of broken windows, and sections of missing stucco failed to diminish the appeal that the abandoned Italian villa had for my wife Marianne and me. Kept in minimal repair during its last years as a residence, the stately structure and its companions on either side were destined for the usual fate of empty houses in the center city during the 1960s—vandalism and the inevitable fire. To be sure, the structure that was to be our restoration project and one of its companions were extensively damaged by fire during the five years in which they had stood empty. Much to the relief of all who were anxious about the future of the houses, the New Haven Redevelopment Agency initiated a sales program; but it soon became an endurance trial when the first sales attempts became mired in protests and changes in the ground rules. The final attempt was accomplished by drawing names from a hat. Not being lucky at the draw, Marianne and I were shaken out of our despondency when the winner and runner-up were declared ineligible, and it was announced that we were to be the developers. As must be with any governmental business, bureaucracy took hold and hearings, declarations of solvency, and document-signing consumed the better part of a year while the poor house stood in its dilapidated state. Meanwhile, our trepidation grew as each step we took toward ownership brought a clearer picture of the scale of the restoration upon which we were embarking. We have since learned from numerous articles that this is a common reaction among preservationists.

The interior of the house showed every sign of having been open to five years of weather and visits by derelicts, curio seekers, and vandals. Practically every doorknob, lighting fixture, copper pipe, and piece of removable hardware was missing or damaged. The marble mantles seemed to have had a special attraction for vandals and treasure-seekers; each of the keystones (figured pieces inserted in the arch below the mantle) was missing, and the entire assembly was torn from the wall. We could only surmise that the keystones had been taken by a collector of architectural artifacts, and that the loosened fireplace was the work of someone who seemed to think that the only logical place to hide the family



Restoration of a Town House

treasure was in the recesses of the marble mantle. Intricately laid veneer floors, installed in the thirties, had warped as much as six inches so that it was difficult to walk. Numerous cracks in the plaster of the ceilings and walls prompted the dreadful thought of our having to remove tons of plaster. The ceiling rosette in the entrance hall had come loose from its moorings and lay in hundreds of pieces; what it would look like when and if it could be put together became a point of conjecture. A wonder to behold was the sight of so much peeling paint; it seemed that every square inch of woodwork, wall, and ceiling was shedding its many coats of paint to reveal what the original should be.

Despite the appalling deterioration, we found ourselves becoming increasingly attached to the grand old house with its huge six-over-six windows, some with paneling below, and the massive door and window trim, deeply molded with boldly curved returns. Two large plaster ceiling rosettes in the rear parlor and dining room—intact and firmly in place—gave us heart.

The rear of the house, an ell-shaped series of rooms on two levels, had suffered almost complete defacement by the fire. The second floor of the ell gave dramatic evidence of the fire's intensity—the ceilings were burned through and showed scorched rafters and joists, a rear stairway had become a charcoal silhouette, the woodwork was charred, and the veneer flooring was ruined beyond restoration. On the first floor of the ell, where the fire had started, was situated what was probably the most charming room in the house. With the aid of a flashlight and the feeble light admitted by the boarded-up floor-to-ceiling windows, we stood knee-deep in the rubble of burned wood and plaster and surveyed the room: it had ceiling-high cupboards in the four corners, deeply detailed cornice moldings, and a marble mantle with the remnants of a fireplace stove, richly embossed with cranelike birds. The center of the ceiling and the floor above were burned through so that we could see the attic roof when we looked up. Half the cornice molding and a good part of the stove and mantle were buried somewhere in the rubble. Loose and rotted soffit boards on the large overhang and a porous roof made it even more apparent that something must be done quickly if this great house was to be saved. The scope of the work that needed to be done demanded the skills of a contractor. Since it was late summer, no time was to be wasted while the selection process went on. For the sake of aesthetics, we decided to clear the jungle that was once the front and rear yards. It is still a source of wonderment to us that the soil in the front of the house had accumulated to a depth at least eight inches above the sidewalk line. We rented a payloador in order to save ourselves the countless hours of backbreaking handwork it would have taken to remove the tons of soil and growth. The ancient, gnarled privet hedge was recycled to a knowledgeable passerby, who has since reported that it is having a happy second life in East Haven. Such was not the case with several antique lilacs which had to be hauled away with the numerous loads of soil.

Just at the point where we began to see some progress, the payloador began



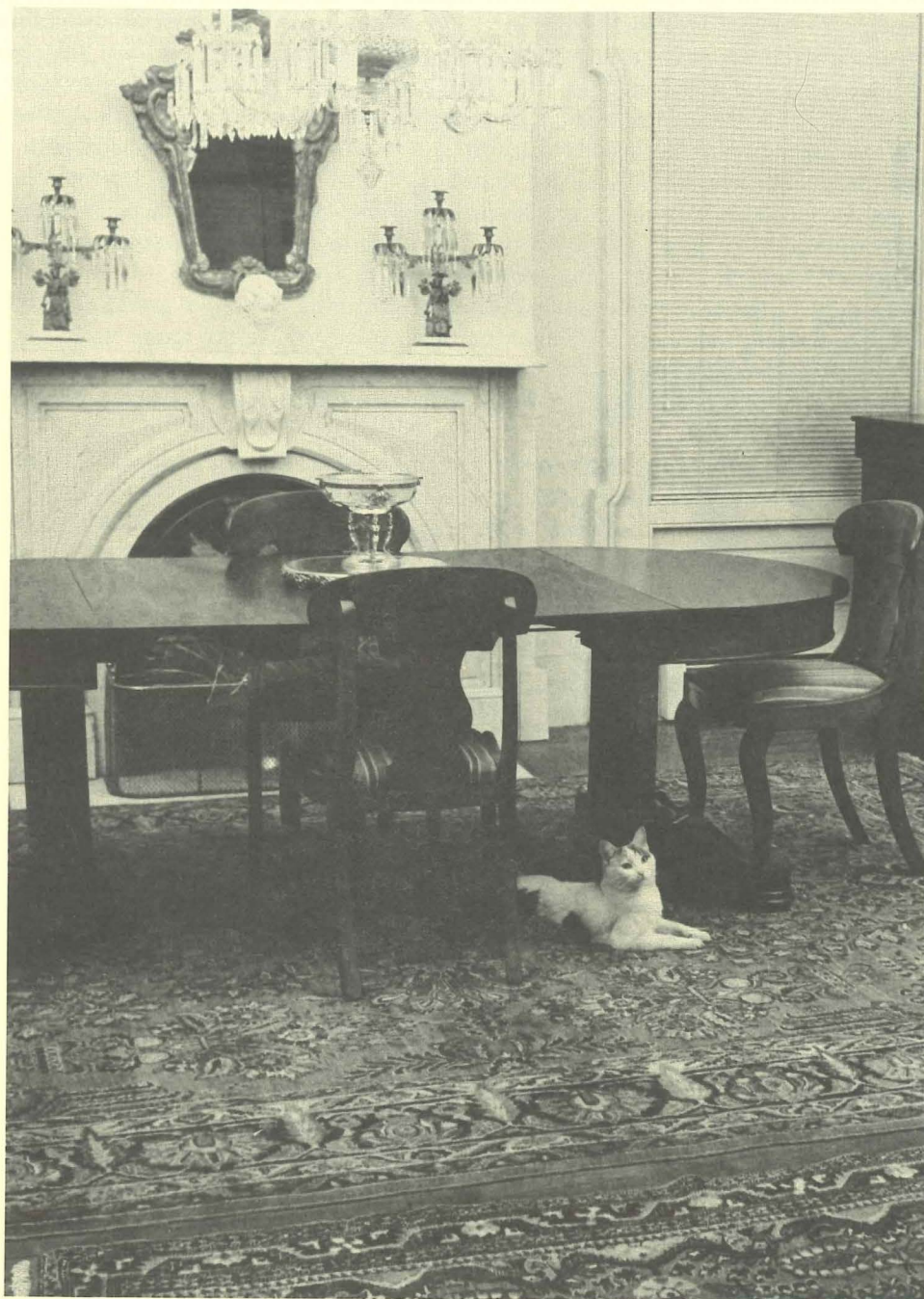
to have a series of inexplicable flat tires. Irritation turned to exhilaration when we discovered a once elegant fence buried beneath the soil, perhaps taking vengeance on our tires for its misuse. Curiously, someone had decided to fold the worn-out fence inward and plant the privet hedge as a replacement. There was no question in our minds that the fence would grace the house again, especially when we discovered that many of the motif pieces of cast iron were in good condition. However, its delicate and fancy "birdcage" end posts were badly deteriorated, and replication could be done only at considerable cost; we substituted simple four-by-four, capped posts.

The gate, original in its entirety, owes its continuing existence at 613 Chapel Street to Society member Gilbert Kenna, who saw to its safety when he saw it unhinged and ready for the taking. On those occasions when I am asked to conduct tours of Wooster Square, I take delight in telling the tale of Gilbert and his saving of the gate.

We were lucky to find the company of Pizzola Brothers, European-trained ironworkers who took the utmost pride and care in applying their skills in replacing and restoring the fence to its original form. *The Iron Fences of Wooster Square*, a publication of the New Haven Historic District Commission, depicts the fence with its counterparts in the Square, each one delineating and giving character to the streetscape.

Our decision to replace twenty-five feet of deeply convoluted cornice molding in one of the fire-damaged rooms at the rear of the house proved to be a test of self-reliance; we could not find anyone who knew how to or was willing to run a replacement molding. Our inquiries led us to an issue of *Smithsonian* magazine that contained an article on the restoration of the plasterwork in a Virginia mansion. Fortunately, the author had illustrated the article with detailed diagrams of devices to run moldings. At the New Haven Public Library we found an English journeyman's manual on the most fancy kinds of plasterwork and its application. After several trials with mixtures and technique, we were able to produce more than enough molding to replace that which had been destroyed by the fire. It was a gratifying moment when Clem Labine, editor of the *Old House Journal*, cast an approving eye on the cornice restoration during one of his visits to do an article on the restoration at 613 Chapel Street.

Of the three fireplaces, two needed replacement and the third required refitting of parts that had been vandalized. The downstairs mantelpiece was of marble and the two in the upstairs rooms were of wood construction. We wondered whether the difference was a matter of style or of cost-saving? Nevertheless, it was clearly impossible to restore the wooden mantels since they were too badly charred. Because we had rescued a number of fine marble mantels from demolished buildings, it became a matter of practicality supporting aesthetics in replacing wood with marble. After we had taken a number of them apart, their design, construction, and application became understandable.



Restored fireplace

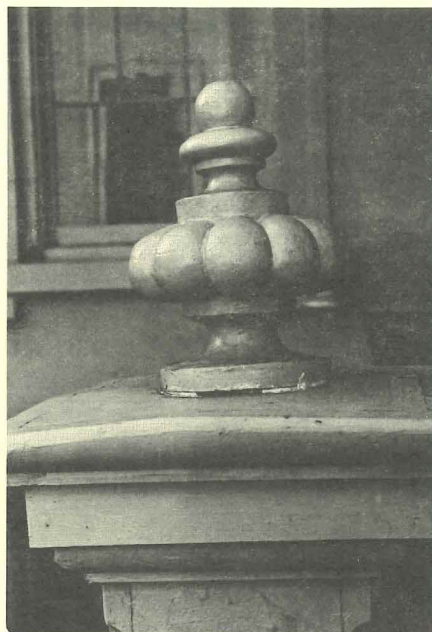
With the help of two restoration-wise brothers, a system of wedges, spring-clamps, and braces was devised for the tricky job of holding the assembly of pieces plumb and square while the plaster of Paris adhesive dried. Did we succeed? Fifteen years of traffic on Chapel Street and the movement of heavy freight trains in the "cut" down the block have failed to dislodge our handiwork. Our lack of technical knowledge about cutting marble to size was solved by a retired stonemason who stopped almost daily to check on our progress as he made his way to his card game at the St. Andrew's Club down the street. He demonstrated that marble cuts easily with a hacksaw or an expendable handsaw, since it can't be used to cut wood thereafter. A job neatly done deserves an award! The first *Old House Journal Compendium* contains a how-to article on the mantel restoration at 613 Chapel Street.

After thirteen years, the restoration story at 613 Chapel Street continues. The house's exposure to many years of sun, cold, and the variety of inclement weather that New England endures had begun to tell in the deteriorating balusters, trim, and carvings of the most prominent architectural feature of the house: the front porch. The Indian Plant carvings on the columns were in desperate need of attention, attested to by the missing parts of the leaf motif and carvings. A sensitive restoration demanded the skills of an accomplished carver, especially since Elizabeth Mills Brown called attention to this architectural feature in naming the structure to her list of New Haven's "Nifty Fifty."

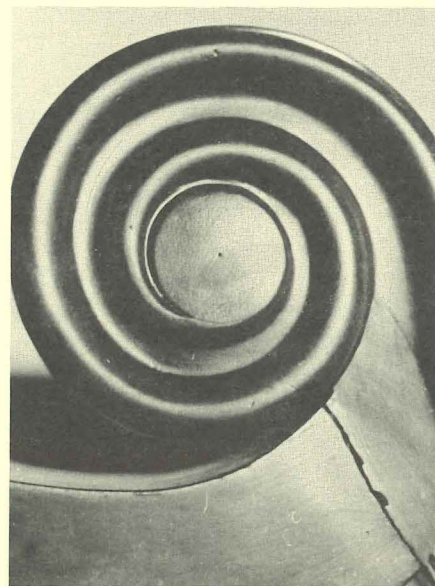
A chance visit to the carousel restoration at Lighthouse Point was opportune in that I happened upon Steve Van Der Malen, who was carving new parts for the flying horses. His technique and caring attitude left no doubt that the architectural embellishments so vital to the expression of the restrained flamboyancy of the early Victorian idiom would soon be healed and whole. The wood carving project drew favorable comments from an interesting array of passing city types as it progressed from day to day. Soggy park habitués, retirees, and knowledgeable architectural buffs voiced their approval. With that vote of assurance, the resurrected elegance took on an even more satisfying meaning.

Van Der Malen's work, of high quality and striking effect, was a perfect complement to that done earlier on a side balcony where two important finials had been taken while the house was in limbo. Mr. Henry Townshend, Jr., offered to furnish matching finials with styrofoam and fiberglass, a technique he had used to replicate decorative memorials at the Grove Street Cemetery. Using an original as a model, he produced copies that cannot be distinguished from the original. Once the finials were in place, it became apparent how important they were to the effect of the canopied balconies, an architectural signature attributed to Henry Austin.

The preservation phase of the porch project required the removal of layers of paint. An assortment of shaped hook-shaves, scrapers, and other small tools were gathered, and so began a summer of painstaking burning and scraping. A paint



Replicated porch finial



Newel post detail

analysis showed that our research produced a color scheme close to that of the original and other early coats—the earth colors advocated by the inceptors of the Villa style in America. The analysis also showed that the paint of latter years was of the ubiquitous dark brown used to combat the smoke and grime that sullied the buildings in Wooster Square as it became more industrialized. Since all the sun-struck wood of the porch had been softened by ultraviolet light, we decided to stabilize the surface according to recommended practice with the use of special epoxy compounds. Prior to application every square inch of the surface had to be handsanded because of the turnings, carvings, moldings, and constricted spaces. The speculation that the structure is a Henry Austin creation is supported by an architectural signature he was known to employ; two side balconies and a canopy-like roof above them. The replacement of rotted flooring and trim did not pose nearly as great a dilemma as the re-creation of two missing finials. Their two mates were safely in place on the upper balcony, but the lower pair had been harvested by the artifact-gleaners.

Initially, our decision was to postpone the duplication of the two important embellishments because of the cost. A visit by Mr. Henry Townshend provided a pleasant surprise when he casually mentioned that duplicating urns and finials for the Grove Street Cemetery was among his avocations. Upon departing with one of the original finials under his arm, Mr. Townshend said two duplicates would be available shortly.

When two perfect replicas were delivered, we were filled with delight and wonderment to know they had been molded in fiberglass. Emplaced and painted, it was impossible to tell them from the originals. To this day, it is difficult to convince visitors that the finials are made of synthetic materials. It is interesting to note that several years passed before preservation articles advised upon the very same technique for replicating architectural parts.

With the completion of the paint work, we feel that we have fulfilled another responsibility of our stewardship of a New Haven landmark. We sincerely hope that our efforts will encourage future generations to ensure its preservation.

RICHARD K. MAZAN, a New Haven teacher and preservation advocate, is a director of the Preservation Trust and former member of the Historic District Commission.

THE FUND FOR TOMORROW

The Fund for Tomorrow is a \$2 million campaign that will enable the New Haven Colony Historical Society to meet its responsibility for creating that "sound foundation for the world of tomorrows." It is only the second such campaign in the Society's long and distinguished life, and will run through 1987, the 125th anniversary of its founding. The goal is ambitious, and it is urgent.

Gifts to THE FUND FOR TOMORROW will provide for renovation and expansion of the Society's headquarters located at 114 Whitney Avenue and for long term maintenance of increased educational programs and services through endowment development. Gifts may be made as a single contribution or in the form of a pledge over a period of as long as three years. Pledge cards are available from the Society during business hours 9 - 5 Monday through Friday or by calling 562-4183.

The New Haven Foundation, a charitable community trust established in 1928, has recognized the needs of the New Haven Colony Historical Society by granting it up to \$100,000 for the building program on a matching basis of one dollar for every three dollars raised in the Fund for Tomorrow campaign.

THE FUND FOR TOMORROW

Honorary Chair: Margaret Clement

Chair: Brooks Shepard, Jr.

Vice Chair: Virginia Hepler

The New Haven Colony Historical Society is a not-for-profit educational organization. Gifts are tax deductible to the extent provided by law.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 114 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut 06510

ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITION CATALOGUES

PAINTINGS BY GEORGE HENRY DURRIE, CONNECTICUT ARTIST, 1966	\$ 4.00
EARLY SILVER BY NEW HAVEN SILVERSMITHS, 1967	5.00
CHINA TRADE PORCELAIN, wares imported into the Port of New Haven, 1968	4.00
CONNECTICUT PEWTER, 1969	4.00
THE NEW HAVEN SCENE: AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, WATERCOLORS, AND DRAWINGS, 1970	6.00
THE PAINTING COLLECTION OF THE NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1971	7.00
FURNITURE OF THE NEW HAVEN COLONY: THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY STYLE, Patricia E. Kane, 1973	12.50
THE NEW ENGLAND GUN: THE FIRST TWO HUNDRED YEARS, Merrill Lindsay, 1975	12.50
THE COMPLETION OF INDEPENDENCE IN NEW HAVEN: PIONEERS OF CULTURAL AND INDUSTRY, 1975	3.00
SHALLOPS, SLOOPES AND SHARPIES: A MARITIME HISTORY OF NEW HAVEN, 1976	5.00
HEARTS AND CROWNS, Robert F. Trent, 1977	17.50
A GRAPHIC VIEW OF NEW HAVEN, 1976	10.00

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS: Vol. 3-1882; Vol. 4-1888; Vol. 5-1894; Vol. 6-1900; Vol. 7-1903; Vol. 8-1914; Vol. 9-1918; Vol. 10-1951	25.00 each
NEW HAVEN TOWN RECORDS, Vol. 1-1649-1662; Vol. 2-1662-1684; Vol. 3-1684-1769	30.50 each
MEMORIALS OF THEOPHILUS EATON, Compiled by George Dudley Seymour, 1938	5.00
NEW HAVEN by George Dudley Seymour	25.00
A CHILD I SET MUCH BY: The Life of Nathan Hale, Thomas J. Farnham, 1975	1.25
ROGER SHERMAN: PURITAN POLITICIAN, by Christopher Collier, 1976	1.25
STREETS OF NEW HAVEN: ORIGINS OF NAMES, Doris B. Townshend, 1984	12.00
FAIR HAVEN: A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME, Doris B. Townshend, 1976	10.00

Prices subject to change without notice.

NHCHS members are entitled to a 10% discount.

Tax:

CT residents add 7½% sales tax.

Postage:

Postage and handling are on a fixed scale for the convenience of pre-ordering.

Cost of Order	Postage & Handling	Cost of Order	Postage & Handling
\$ 1.00-4.99	\$ 1.00	35.00-49.99	4.00
5.00-14.99	1.50	50.00-64.99	5.50
15.00-24.99	2.00	65.00-84.99	7.00
25.00-34.99	2.50	85.00-100.00	10.00

The New Haven Colony Historical Society
114 Whitney Avenue
New Haven, Connecticut 06510

Non-profit org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 38
New Haven, Conn.